

fairly gritted in her wrath at the wretched criminal. "And see," for I was still sleuthfully searching, "here are heelmarks on your hall floor!"

Sure enough, the new and shiny parquetry showed distinct prints of nail-studded heels.

"But," I exclaimed, with a cautionary idea of heading her off, "I can't take the floor with me."

"Wait a minute," she said capably, and snatching a pad and pencil from the telephone table she sat down on the floor cross legged, like a dainty little Turkess, and rapidly sketched an exact copy of the hallmark—I mean heelmark.

"There!" and she tilted her head entrancingly to one side, to view her work. "I'm so glad I took that ten-lesson course in Artistic Drawing by Mail! Now go and catch him, and put him in jail!"

I went.

THE story raised a hue and cry at Police Headquarters, I can tell you! They took the cupboard shelf and the paper sketch and studied them with lenses and T-squares and things like that.

An alarm was sent out, and all three of Rosebrook's police force were given instructions to hunt down the thief.

And he was soon found. Constable O'Flaherty telephoned very shortly that he had found the man lying alongside a fence in a vacant lot.

"Asleep?" the Sergeant asked over the telephone.

"No Sorr, divil a bit! He's groanin' sumpin' fierce!"

"What's the matter with him?"

"I dinnow, Sorr. He's beggin' fer a docther."

Now Rosebrook boasted a recent acquisition of a small but very modern and up-to-date hospital. It had been built and furnished by the vigorous if not entirely harmonious efforts of the Improving Ladies' Society, and it was just ready for its first patient.

Wherefore, its spick and span new ambulance was sent for the suffering denizen of the Underworld, and the afflicted one was arrested and succored at the same time.

Hurried to the hospital, he was put into one of the immaculate white beds, like a twentieth century Christopher Sly. The doctors triumphantly diagnosed his malady as acute and serious stomach trouble, and worked hard in their contradictory ways to save his life.

When they at last felt sure that they had vanquished the Rider of the Pale Horse the patient was too weak and ill to talk. But the inexorable arm of the law brought the white shelf and the pencil drawing to make the all-absorbing tests.

The prints were identical, both thumb and heel responding nobly, and the patient was a doomed man. But he was still too ill to be questioned; so Mrs. Young was sent for to identify him beyond all manner or possibility of doubt.

"That's the man!" she cried, almost hysterical in her excitement. "That's the thief who took my gems, even while I was getting him some food! Oh, what shall we do with him? There is no punishment bad enough!" She clenched her rosy, dimpled fists and stamped one of her tiny patent leather pumps.

"Don't you think we had better send for your husband, Mrs. Young?" inquired the admiring Sergeant.

The doll face beamed. "Oh, please do! Can you? I thought the bank wouldn't let Doodie out till closing time, or I should have telephoned him myself."

"Oh, yes, the bank will excuse him on such an important matter."

"Maybe they won't think it's so important," and the big blue eyes looked appealingly up into the grizzled face of the old Sergeant.

"I'm sure they will," I said, determined to get into the game. "I'll telephone at once."

AS the case was mine, detectively speaking, I wanted the glory of telling Mr. Young that I had succeeded in bringing it to a triumphant conclusion. To be sure,



"Lost to the world for twelve ecstatic minutes."

we didn't have the jewels yet; but when the thief could be questioned of course he must tell where he had concealed them.

Even as I was getting the bank on the wire O'Flaherty came to me, looking mystified. "The guy's came to," he whispered, "and he vows he swallowed them jewels!"

"What?" I cried. "Why, he couldn't! They were enormous stones!"

"Says he did," repeated the Irishman doggedly.

"Nonsense! He's out of his head," I said, and then

as I heard the bank's response I asked for J. Merrivale Young, and got him.

"Will you come over to the hospital?" I said. "Your wife is here—"

"What? Dolly! Oh—oh! What is it? Is she dead? Oh, tell me, Man! End my suspense—"

"Hush up!" I cried, angry at his thus spoiling my dramatic effect. "Mrs. Young is all right. But a thief entered your house this morning—"

"Entered the house! Oh, poor little Dolly—poor little Baby Dolly! She must have—"

"Will you keep quiet? I tell you your wife is all right. But the thief stole her jewels—"

"Stole what? My wife hasn't any jewels."

"Yes, yes, her big cluster of large jewels."

"What are you talking about? She doesn't own any such thing!"

I was thoroughly scared. Could it be that naughty little popinjay had wonderful jewels, of which her husband knew nothing? But no, she had repeatedly referred to Doodie's intense sympathy with her woes. Was her husband Doodie? Yes, she had said he was. And a bride of six weeks would scarcely be intriguing with another man. Could the little thing be crazy?

But while these thoughts raced through my brain I calmly said to the young gentleman, "Well, come over here, anyway," and hung up.

He came.

THE two Youngs met, and for a time there was nothing else doing. A reunion after years of absence couldn't have been more touchingly strenuous. In each other's arms they were lost to the world for twelve ecstatic minutes.

Then various onlookers said, "Ahem!" and the pair reluctantly returned to earth.

"Now, Dolly Ducky, what's it all about?"

"Why, you see, Doodie," and she nestled closer into his arms, and stroked his pink, young cheek, "an awful tramp came, and scared your little Dolly Ducky most to death!"

"Lablums! The baddy man! We'll have him put in jail—a big, black jail!"

"Yes, that's just what I said. But—oh, Doodie Dumpkins, he stole my gems!"

"Oh, Dolly Winkums, did he? Those wonderful gems! He ought to have a life sentence! I suppose they wouldn't give him a death sentence?"

"Oh, Doodie, they must punish him fearful, mustn't they?"

"Look here, Mr. Young," and I admit I lost my patience at last, "you said your wife had no gems!"

"I beg your pardon, Sir, I said she had no jewels."

"Hut-tut," said the Sergeant sternly. "Be careful, Mr. Young! This is no time for quibbling!"

Dolly looked as if she would strike the speaker. "What do you mean?" she cried. "My Doodie isn't quibbling!"

"What was stolen from you, Madam?"

"My gems—my graham gems that I made for luncheon all myself—nine of 'em—in a round pan—one big one in the middle, and eight littler ones all around—"

A perplexed-looking doctor came in. "The patient insists he swallowed those gems—" he began.

But I heard no more. I was already out in the street, and continuing my uneventful way to my office.

FRANKLIN SQUARE HOUSE

By LAFAYETTE McLAWS

WHEN some twelve years ago Dr. George H. Perin of the Everyday Church, Boston, declared his intention of establishing a home hotel for working women and girl students that would not only be self-supporting but without restrictive rules, people called him a dreamer. Fortunately he found a few men and women who, if they didn't entirely believe in his dream, had sufficient faith in his sincerity to give him financial assistance in buying the old St. James Hotel when it was thrown on the market by the New England Conservatory of Music moving into a newer building.

After a thorough renovation the building opened its doors under the name of the Franklin Square House. Facing a square of the same name, it is located in the heart of the largest student quarter in America. In this section of Boston, within the radius of a few city blocks, more than twenty thousand women and girls live in lodgings. At present the Franklin Square House houses more than six hundred, being the largest woman's hotel in the world. For upward of two years the demand for rooms has been so great that the trustees have finally bought adjoining property, and plans have been drawn and accepted for an annex

that will double the capacity of the present building.

Since its opening nearly twelve years ago there has been no moral scandal nor any other scandal connected with the house. It has no rule that is not enforced by every first-class hotel in the country. Though the cost of living has steadily increased, table board at the Franklin Square House remains stationary. Though it is less than at any other place in Boston, the table pays for itself. Because the house is self-supporting and has no restrictive rules, students of social and economic conditions claim that it has solved one of the great problems that have been puzzling the world for the last decade,—supplying comfortable homes for low-paid women wage earners and student girls of small incomes.

Before establishing the Franklin Square House, Dr. Perin had been for twenty years pastor of the Everyday Church, just across the square, and in the midst of the student quarter. He was thoroughly acquainted with it, and in many instances knew of the tragedies growing out of lodging house environment. Because of this knowledge he began to "dream," founding his "dream" on the conviction that working women and girl students were self-respecting human beings, and might be trusted to live in a hotel without any more restrictions

than are thrown round women and girls of larger incomes and more leisure.

WE didn't create the need of the Franklin Square House," Dr. Perin said when talking about his work: "we found it. It was to meet the need of girls working for low wages, and for girl students with small incomes, that we established the house. We undertook to furnish such girls with a dwelling place that was morally safe as well as comfortable and sanitary; to give them food that was both palatable and nourishing, and to care for them in sickness; to do it all at a cost that the young women could afford to pay."

"Now after twelve years I believe I can say without boasting that we have done all that we set out to do. Much of our success has been possible because of the great size of the house. During the last year we had more than six hundred guests on a permanent basis, and an average of ten each day on the transient list. We have served close to four hundred thousand meals at a profit of a little less than one-tenth of a cent a meal."

"Since the opening of the Franklin Square House thirty-five thousand women and girls have been accommodated. Some six hundred of them have remained